

Was she disappointed? A little, we must believe; but not, perhaps, essentially. She was a realistic young woman as well as a romantic one. In that lies part of her charm. For the purely romantic character and the purely realistic are equally chilling in their opposite ways. In one respect, • indeed, she will slightly shock her more romantic admirers. She is inflexibly resolved not to wed Temple in the teeth of the whole world's disapproval: *I confess that I have an humour will not suffer me to expose myself to people's scorn.' She is prepared to keep her faith to him; to refuse all the matches her friends can find her, all the wealth the world can give; but she will not be 'esteemed a ridiculous person*', making a love-match in a cottage 'to satisfy a giddy humour'. She does not want praise. She does not fear anger. But she flinches at contempt. There are even times when she takes a touch of primness. She finds extremely shocking the idea of a woman loving before she is loved. She will launch out into little sermons that yet possess a strange charm in their half-childish gravity and the sudden laughing apology that cuts them short: 'what think you, might I not preach with Mr. Marshall for a wager?'; or again: 'One would think it were I that had heard the three sermons and were trying to make a fourth; these are truths that might become a pulpit better than Mr. Arbry's predictions. But lest you should think I have as many worms

in my head
as he, I'll give over in time.' All the same,
she means
what she says. She has even a morbid sense
of guilt at
moments about their passion as 'but a
refined degree of
madness', which reason and religion should
have better
controlled. And she is outraged at her
brother's sugges-
tion that Temple is an infidel: 'it must
suppose one to
be a devil in human shape'.
And yet in religion she herself finds not so
much joy,